SEX CRIMINALS™

MATT FRACTION
CHIP ZDARSKY

THE END: PART TWO

ISSUE 27

image®

SEX CRIMINALS
CHAPTER 27

"BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE"

MATT FRACTION

CHIP ZDARSKY

THOMAS K EDITING

TURNER LOBEY MANAGING EDITOR

ERIKA SCHNATZ PRODUCTION

AUD KOCH XXX VARIANT COVER

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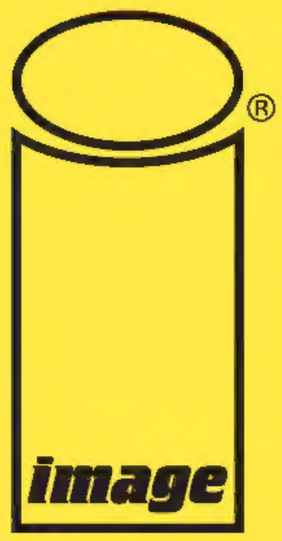

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DEDICATED TO A TYPO-FREE FUTUR

Quit wiggling.

Stop *tickling* me then—!

Look, if I don't continue the polka dots around the whole thigh it's just gonna look weird.

SHROK

Mm.

Maybe I could just draw a bikini bottom on here and save you all the time and trouble of muff-grooming.

Yeah, but you *like* muff-grooming.

SHROK

SHROK

True.

Hey! That's a great idea actually. Think of all the drawing surface your Wookiee-like pubes obscure.

I'm gonna grab my razor.

Turnabout's fair play, buddy — grab a razor for yourself so I can pretend I'm making out with Pinocchio.

Wait, how would that work?

Would he have to lie to you the whole time or something?

"You're-a so good! I've-a never done-a this before! It's-a me, Mario!"

Grr—!

How dare you impugn my wooden puppet boyfriend.

aah okay mercy, mercy—

sigh

Okay fine.

Even lying down you are very tall.

I can tell.

Christ, look at this thing. You're like Bigfoot with alopecia or—

Hey. What's this crazy scar?

That's where I got shot.

I told you about that.

"Shot."
mm.
Shot.
Jon.
Mm?
I am going to shoot you if you don't—

"There was a drill—there were a bunch of 'em now that I think about it—that we had to do in the first few weeks of working for the bank.

"Like Freshman Orientation shit, right?

NO INTERES

"And one day we get to the armed robbery drill."

I'm sorry sir—

"armed"?

"The virtue of conducting a drill with a live-fire weapon is two-fold: first, to express our utmost concern for your safety.

"The second is to introdu

I am chief security officer Randall "Randy" Rumpkitz.

And *this* is "Ol' Blue."

Between she and I, your safety as BankCorp Human Assets is *assured*, *secured*, and *insured*.

"As a Human Asset of BankCorp your safety is our second primary concern, after of course—"

Randy, put that goddamn thing away.

Oh! Sorry sir—

BANG

You—

AAAAAAAA

"It felt exactly like what it was: a white-hot piece of metal moving crazy-fast taking off a piece of my leg.

"But the ricochet slowed it down and made most of it a flesh wound.

"What I remember most is how bad it hurt—"

—I'm gonna throw up—

—fuck fuck—oh fuck—

"My boss kept reading from his clipboard, as though somewhere in there, 'Employee Shot by Security Guard' would be covered."

EXIT

In the case—here it is—

—in the case of accidental weapons discharge—

"That I needed new work slacks and socks—

"—and the whole point of the presentation was to teach us to give armed robbers anything they want.

"*Help* them with all the money they ask for.

"They were telling us how to destroy the computers.

"The only thing BankCorp wanted to protect was data, even to the point of me, like—

"—screaming and bleeding and like dry heaving—"

Wow.
So you weren't *really* shot.
Shot *at*, maybe.
I was so.
You maybe hurt yourself on a bullet but—
How dare you.
—whoop—

Wait.

My dad had all these boxes.

Like a work project he was doing at home before—

Yknow.

"When I was living with my mom before—

"Yknow.

"I looked at it.

"Best I could figure, money was moving into BankCorp stuff he couldn't account for.

"Like the opposite of embezzling.

"There were more and more of these ghost deposits. Never a ton, but enough to be enough.

"I didn't get all the way through."

It's weird they told you to destroy all the data in case of a robbery.

Right?

Wait *wait*.

What about the shit I stole?

"Back when I had—

"Yknow.

"And went to Kegel's house and—

"Yknow.

"And Bud caught me and we—

"Yknow.

"Kegel had all this data on paper about other people like us, right?

"A couple boxes' worth hidden away over there."

Stuff he'd never dream of putting on a hard drive.

Because hard drives and shit can get hacked and copied.

Badal keeps everything on paper.

Did we figure something out?

It feels like we figured something out.

I mean— I guess?

Maybe?

Whatever he's up to—

—whatever his whole goal is, tracking people like us or whatever—

He keeps on paper.

Destroyable, steal-ab*AAHH*—

stop

before it's too late, Kuber.

You see, I've been waiting my whole life for this.

—UZE?!

Suze, honey—?!

AAhhhokay I'm okay—

What the hell was that? *Did it happen again?*

Yeah—

Yeah, I just—

—I think I need to go see a doctor.

...

I give up.

Hey, Joel?

I was wondering if I could bother you with something. I'm trying to repair something...

But for the life of me, I can't figure out how it works or why, exactly.

As it's not my field, y'know, maybe that's fair. Can I show it to you, give you my notes, and see if you can figure it out?

Well, your first problem is, your notes are off.

I'm sorry?

Your notes, they don't match what you brought me.

It's a storage cell of some sort, but what you brought me is totally different from your documentation.

...

The fuck you say?

Here, look—

So here's what you drew— it's like a little PV panel from a solar battery almost. Which is weird because it's hidden, but okay.

I *think* that's what this looks like, anyway. But look at the actual thing, Dr. Kincaid...

The array— the layout—they're entirely different. I don't know why or what it even does yet, but this doesn't match the drawing.

Maybe you lost a piece or misplaced it—

—no no no...

... I don't understand. I was extra—

—extra—

—fastidious with my notes, especially because I felt so over my head.

Unless...

Dr. Kincaid...?

Are you all right?

Yeah, I just moved my head too fast and everything's so magnified it made me feel like I was gonna throw up.

"This is gonna sound—

"Well, I don't know how it's gonna sound.

"Paranoid. Crazy.

"Is it possible that Kuber Badal isn't done with us?

"That he's still tracking us, and maybe even refining how he's doing it?

"That he's still up to something?"

"Why, Dr. Kincaid.

"I was wondering if anyone would ever ask.

"I absolutely believe Kuber Badal to be the kind of man perpetually in a state of being *up to something.*

"As a person, but also as a company.

"BankCorp was just a tentacle of BadalCorp's interests and, by extension—

"Badal's.

"After our...

"...falling out...

"I wanted to get rid of everything that had his name on it. That's how little I trust him and his technology."

How Badal could spy on me using a toaster, I don't know, but I wasn't going to—

A-ha! Bingo.

Everything he manufactures has these in them.

They're like little solar cells that make calculators run. Only instead of sunlight...

"... we power them. However we all do what we do, it produces a discharge of energy.

"These capture them. Like little traps getting filled, and they radio home."

Oh my god.

His big battery.

I have no idea what you're talking about.

I always assumed it was a metaphor or, or, or—

—he has a secret room. Off of his office.

We were never allowed inside. He'd just say—

—charging my batteries, Mrs. Spurge.

Be right back.

I found one of those discs and tried to determine what it was.

Then suddenly the disc didn't match my drawing.

I wondered if Badal swapped it out.

Could he actually have a battery? Do people like us—

We need to—

—I'll drive.

We have reason to believe that whatever Kuber Badal is up to, we—

People like us, with our abilities—

—remain of key importance to him.

I'm sorry?

We aren't sure what exactly, or why or how, but he's keeping track of all of us still.

And he's refining how he tracks us.

I think he upgraded a component inside of a BadalCorp device in my possession personally.

It was a collection cell like on a solar-powered calculator.

Only it's not solar energy he collects from us.

He has a battery of his own design inside his office. A secret project.

What if we're powering it somehow?

I don't understand.

To what end?

You said it yourself.

Badal fucks people.

I meant he's dangerous. I meant we shouldn't fuck back.

Right, but what if...

Unknowingly, unwittingly, and unwillingly...

...we've been the ones who make it all possible?

Ooh!

PLEASE HOLD STILL MA'AM.

Aaah—!

THIS IS YOUR BRAIN ON DRUGS.

AH, SHIT WE BETTER INVENT THE MRI MACHINE

Um, hello?

I'm sorry to ask, but, how much longer?

MA'AM.

sorryowOWOW—

zzzk

That was my fault. I'm sorry.

Sorry sorry sorry—

WHHHHHM

Well I'm sorry about the...

...power surge or whatever it was, but...

...we were able to pull up all the imaging and, Ms. Dickson, I can assure you...

...there's nothing wrong with your brain.

No lesions, tumors, shadows, abnormalities or deviations of any kind.

Well that doesn't make sense, what the hell is wrong with me?

Well, that's what I'm trying to say.

Nothing.

There's nothing medically wrong, anyway.

whew

But going over this, you've had what sounds like an intensely stressful period of time.

CHEST PAINS?

I think whatever these... aphasic episodes are might be stress-induced.

A conversion disorder—when psychological stress manifests physically. A kind of hysterical blindness, maybe.

Oh, of course, why listen to the woman who's telling you what's going on with her when you can just label her "hysterical" and be done with it.

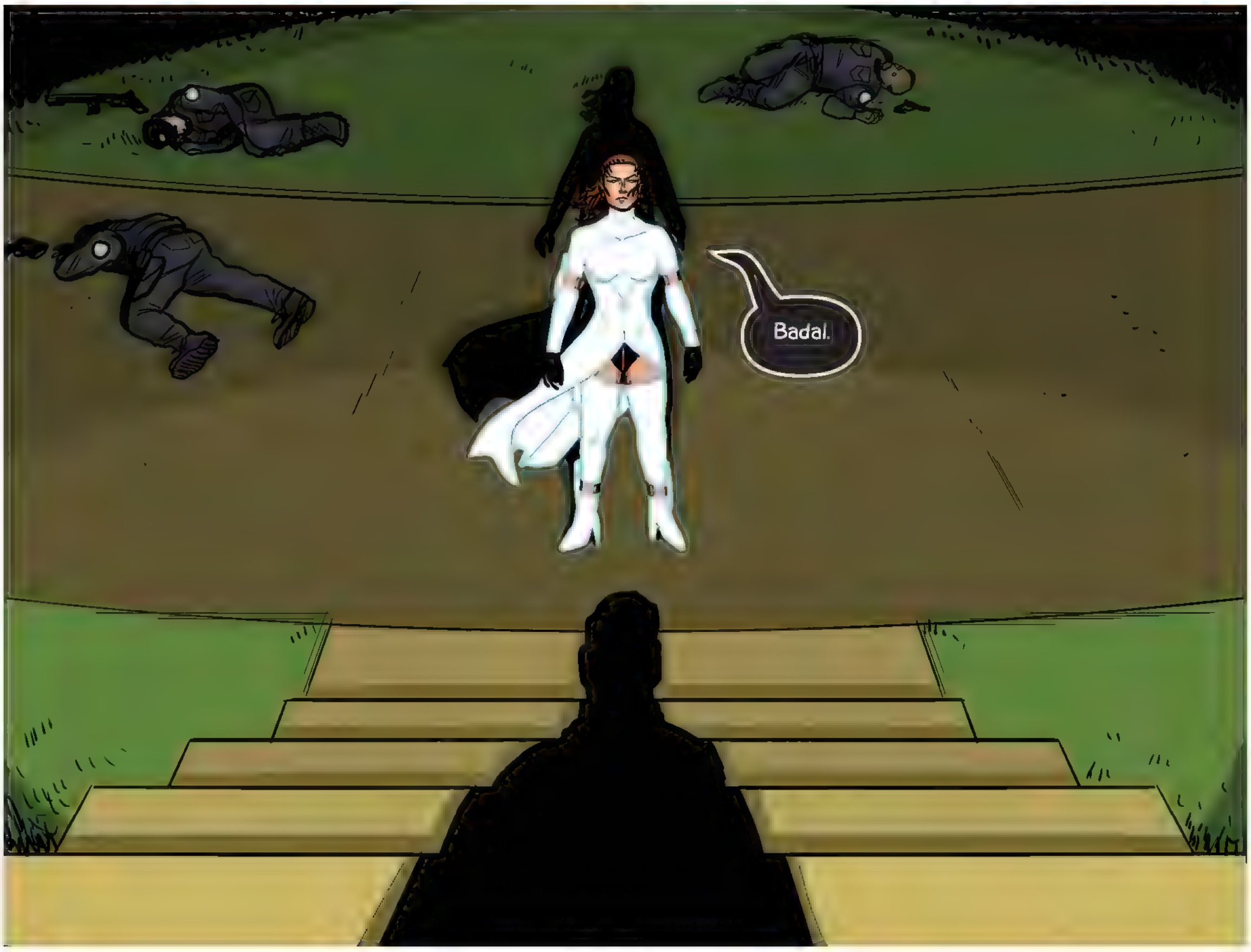
Fuck you, fuck this, let's go.

sigh
let's go.

Security Sound!
Security Sound!

Security Sound!
Securi-
—yes yes, all right.

Oh my.
What an unexpected surprise.


Badal.

It took me a long time to admit that I knew you'd lied to me.

And it took even longer to admit that I was okay with it. That I was okay with us playing sex-cop make-believe.

Because it meant power. Order. Control.

And I wanted it. I got off on it.

That's on me, and that's why I'm here.

I don't know how to fix what I did, but I think I know how to fix what's happened because of it.

All the people we chased, hunted down, spied on, intimidated—

You're going to leave them alone.

I ever get word, ever again, that you're so much as a shadow of you, in any of their lives—

I'm going to shoot you in the fucking head.

Ask yourself if I'm playing make-believe now, asshole.

Oh my.

I'm sorry you had to hear all that...

... I thought she would never leave.

Don't you find guests like that to be a bore?

Forgive my rudeness. I know what you want, and I know why you're here, but I hope you'll do me the pleasure of saying it anyway.

You see, I've been waiting my whole life for this.

I want to talk to you ... about the future.

LETTER DADDIES

SEND YOUR THOUGHTS, SEXUAL QUESTIONS, AND WELL WISHES TO *EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM*.
YOUR TYPOS/SHAME ARE YOUR OWN AND WILL BE RUN AS RECEIVED.
ALL ASSUMED OK TO PRINT UNLESS STATED OTHERWISE.

WELL FOLKS we're back with another issue of PEOPLE TALKING ABOUT PLOT and DOING PLOT-Y things and now that's in the rear view mirror, so let's pry open the Ol' Crimbo Sac-o-Lettz ("Sack of Letters"). It's also in a weird place where we're doing a letter column before the new issues have come out, but I guess that's what happens when you go dark for like 16 months or whatever, publication-wise.

We are just on the other side of the winter holidays and the new year. When I look back on the last six or eight weeks, all I remember is having a stomach ache and an overwhelming sense of dread. Not because of the world although, yeah, of COURSE because of the world, but because I'm stretched more thin than a metaphor in a SEX CRIMINALS letter column and it'll be six months of going harder than a stretched-out metaphor in a SEX CRIMINALS letter column before any of it gets any easier or better. These are I suppose by definition high class problems to have, but FUCK do I ever miss my low-class bullshit.

All of which is to say I don't want to talk about what's been going on with me since last time because, really, a few family high points excluded, all I want to do is FORGET everything that's been going on with me since last time. Or at least NOT RECOUNT IT ALL IN A LETTER COLUMN, so anyway.

I was fucking around with one of those voice-activated home-controlling privacy-suckers the other day and made it lower and dim the lights, change them all to red and purple, and start playing old soundtracks from Swedish porno movies whenever I say, "It's business time." Which got me thinking, hey here's a way to fill some space in the letter column rather than go on and on about my incipient ulcers -- let's have a soundtrack contest.

#BRIMPTUNES: THE CONTEST
Make us a 12-track (one for every sweet minute Chip and I can "last," and then for our mandatory eight minutes of post-ejaculatory weeping and shuddering) SEXY TIMES playlist. Make a playlist in Spotify or Apple Music and put #Brimptunes in the title somewhere so we can find it. Chip and I will listen to them, "evaluate" their efficacy, and then JUDGE ACCORDINGLY. Keep in mind you are your own arbiter of what 'sexy times' means. Once I made a 'sexy times' playlist that ended with the theme from JURASSIC PARK. I don't know what the "prize" will be and I don't know how Chip and I will "decide" on what the prize actually is, though I know Chip just cleaned out his studio and I'm an inveterate pack rat, so SURELY we can dig up a lot of nonsense to foist upon some lucky music-listening sex-haver.

WINNERS TO BE ANNOUNCED AT SOME POINT PROBABLY AS WELL AS A "PRIZE" THAT WINNER WILL BE GIVEN aside from of course the immortal title of 2020 BONER JAMS SUPER-CHAMPION or whatever.

OH WAIT ONE MORE THING
It has been pointed out to me that a NEW TREND in the WOMEN'S TIGHTS/LEGGINGS/YOGA PANTS AS PANTS PHENOMENON has been unleashed, and I am going to need y'all to buckle up because it is a humdinger:

RUCHED. BUTTCRACKS.

"Ruche" is when there's a deliberate ruffle in the fabric, like when fabric is all bunched or gathered together (as far as I understand it, thanks Kelly Sue). When it happens in the middle seam of a pair of skin-tight leggings, THE EFFECT IS THAT OF SOMEONE'S ASS HAVING JUST EATEN AN ENTIRE AND VERY SOUR LEMON.

Have you ever watched YouTube videos of kids eating lemons for the first time? Go watch some, look at those faces, then imagine an ENTIRE ASS doing that.

The #ASSILLUMINATI has really upped the game into a diabolically insane new direction, folks.

OKAY THERE fuck my shit let's get on to the goddamn letters.

•

I've read too much Sex Crimbs online, because I'm too poor to actually buy it, which I'm sorry for I will buy every issue as soon as I can, but now I get suspicious ads from google, which I assume is because of the fact I've been googling Sex Criminals a lot and reading it on slightly shady sites. Send help.

Alex W.

Just wait until you start telling the Google-branded voice-activated home-controlling privacy-sucker that "It's business time" or start to look up how to spell "ruche."

Hmm! Too poor to buy the comic yet rich enough to have an E-MAIL ADDRESS?? -CZ

•

.....so who, out of the pair of you, has written the best 'pseudo Fantastic Four' comic ?

SEX TIP *Everyone has something sexual they want to try but are too shy to ask, except for Chip Zdarsky, who has done everything: Missionary, the Second Base, the*

Steve H

Well Chip, clearly, as he's still writing those characters in some form or fashion (FF-slash-X-MEN COMING THIS FEBRUARY PROBABLY!!!!)

Matt ACTUALLY wrote the Fantastic Four comic because Marvel Comics TRUSTED him, and then he went and put "Huftch" into a sex comic and now I have Fraction stink all over me! -CZ

•

CONFIDENTIAL TO AN OLD PAL but cut-and-pasted here for anyone that needs to hear it:

We're glad you sought and received help – but even more glad you're seeking and receiving the joy and love you deserve. Stay safe, stay sane, and don't stop protecting yourself. You deserve all the good things you've found and more.

Also I ALWAYS forget to clarify between CBT and CBT and BOY does that make for some funny dinner conversations.

•

"Hi, Matt and Chip," my girlfriend said meekly 'cause she's embarrassed about writing a letter to y'all (she insisted on the "y'all"). She also insisted there's a comma between "Hi" and "Matt" and that only us lesbians care about this punctuation shit. Is that true? Anyway, that's how she suggested we start the letter so that's how I started it and she also wants you to know her wisdom tooth is coming in and it hurts I don't really know why she wants you to know that but she does. Turns out writing a letter in tandem can get really stream-of-consciousness-run-on-sentencey when someone's constantly telling you to add stuff while you're trying to add stuff. It was her idea to write this letter, but I introduced the series to her (you're welcome) so she really wants me to help her 'cause... wait, why does she want me to help her? "Cause...you're my girlfriend and uhh...you write more than I do and...I don't know, it just felt like this letter should be a joint effort." (I do write a lot; I wanna be a comic book writer and/or novelist (preferably and), I've been writing both a comic and a novel for the past like two years or so, so if you have any tips let me know please!!!) So I think you can imagine that in it being a joint effort this is going to be very disjointed.

Anyway, sex? We haven't had it yet. We've been making semi-elaborate plans to do so. More elaborate than the ones portrayed in the comic anyway. Everyone in your comic just seems to be like "let's have sex" and then someone else is like "okay let's do it like right now" and they do it and everything goes fine for the most part. We're both exactly at the age that we're allowed to buy and read this comic so we both still live with our respective parents and ever-present siblings (although my girlfriend's moving into a dorm when we start college, albeit with a roommate who's going to be present most of the time) so we can't fuck at home or in her dorm and we don't really go to parties much like the kind Suzie did when she had sex the first time (I don't think I've ever been to a party like that and neither has my girlfriend), so we'll have to book a hotel room. Also, she wants me to mention we're going to Chili's the night of 'cause it's right next to the hotel. I'm not so sure about that 'cause I don't wanna have sex on a full stomach. Doesn't seem very sexy. Anyway, hotel for our first time. Good plan? Sexy? Too much thought? Should we be more spur-of-the-moment? Let us know I guess. If you wanna.

Also, I thought it might be worth mentioning that I have tics in my neck and my wrists that make 'em twitch really hard and as far as I know lesbian sex is all about mouths and fingers, so do you think that'll pose a problem or just make things more interesting?

Should also point out since we're both first-timers we'll both not really have any idea what we're doing. Does it just come naturally (she said no pun intended), or is extensive research required? Regardless, we're gonna do extensive research because according to her lesbians have a tendency to overthink or "process." She said you won't know what processing means 'cause it's a lesbian thing but I didn't know either so you can just look it up if you don't know.

Conclusion, we got questions, you got answers? I don't know. Guess we might find out maybe maybe not.

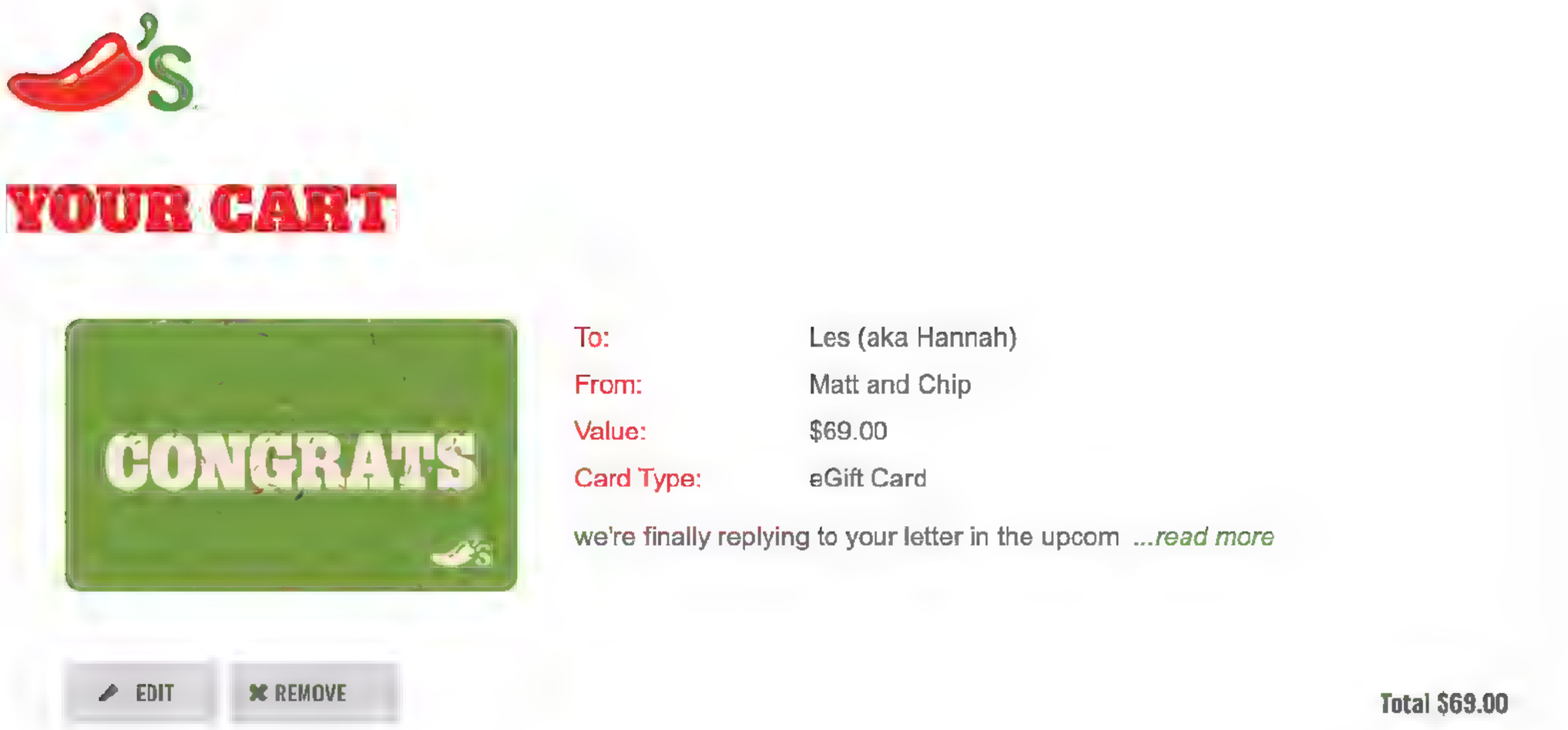
Les Bianvirgins

Okay, one, I am NOT sure that is your real name, Les, but whatever.

The last thing I want to be here is the, y'know, OK BOOMER voice of what IS or ISN'T RIGHT sexually for YOU, a Teenage Lesbian, but sometimes that is where the Ol' Crimbo Sac-o-Lettz ("Sack of Letters") takes you. And, Les, what's right is this:

You and your lady-fair CAN NOT pay for this dinner at Chili's before you have sex for the first

Ol' Kentucky Freestyle, and yes, even the Around the Moon. And thus Chip wept, having no more worlds left to conquer.



time, ESPECIALLY with one another. I must INSIST you allow Chip and me to pay for it.

Now for all you folks reading this in print, the animated GIF of the gift card (hey, maybe they should call these Chili's GIFt cards!!!!) is lost, so please tear up the nearest copy of Ed Brubaker and Sean Phillips' CRIMINAL (on sale now) and use as confetti, tossing it before your eyes while looking at the above image.

I have no such compunctions about giving OK BOOMER advice to young lesbians, so PLEASE listen to me when I say, "go eat at Chili's AFTER you have sex, not before." This is incredibly important. -CZ

•

I've just finished issue 25 and I'm sitting here with a big, dumb smile on my face. I love Jon and Suzie and I'm so glad to see them back together. This is my first time writing in to a letter column after eight years of reading comics. I know, what have I been doing, right? I've always been a bit of a solitary reader, I guess it comes from not having any comics reading friends when I was growing up. Anyway, I'm trying to get more involved in the comics community now so here I am.

As you move towards the final arc I just wanted to say thanks for this book. Letter Daddies alone deserves an award.

One quick question while I'm here. Bit random, but have you ever had a moment where you felt like you were sort of coasting. Just keeping things ticking over without really going anywhere. I've had a spell like this and I'm now trying to break out of it and start pushing forward again. I've got a good opportunity coming up and I really want to make the most of it. Any advice for getting out of a rut?

Matt, I've been reading since X-Men/Iron Man and I don't plan on going anywhere. Chip, you're killing it here and at Marvel. 2 in 1 is fantastic.

James R.

In my experience thus far, there can be two kinds of ruts I myself fall into; the Aaron Burr-like, lying-in-wait sorta-pause, sorta-respite-y, sorta-kinda fallow-ness that feels and seems natural between epochal-y nodal points on our personal timelines, and then the actually, like, spiritual-malady kinda ruts that can just sap my soul.

Having something on the horizon to either push toward or use as a demarking line between then and now is good. Having anything

SEX TIP *Matt wrote that previous "tip" and he is, frankly, exaggerating. I have never done "missionary" and I never will (I'm an atheist) -Chip*

---

ahead always helps that kind of thinking and reorganizing happen for me.

When I really get lost in it, though, I work really hard -- as contradictory as this seems -- to try and LET myself lie fallow, to let the rut happen, to let myself go idle and just... not push. Maybe there's a psychic ache for rest I don't or can't recognize, maybe it's a good time to revisit past inspirations. I am big on, every few years, trying to throw everything out creatively and start over. Part of the reason for our delay, in fact, was finding myself at the end of one creative cycle and the start of another; how should one navigate a finale for a multi-year project like that when faced with those sorts of changes and challenges?

Sometimes we need to let the engines cool, to hold still and let that stillness hold us a little. I get the whole "if you're bored then you're boring," thing, but find it to be true usually only when talking TO me ABOUT me. Let yourself lie low. Look for the next thing, then come roaring off the starting blocks.

Also maybe try role-playing, or some light bondage?

Hi, James. I have never been in a rut. Everything is always up, up and up for ol' Chip! And thanks for the compliments on Marvel 2-in-1. I'm really proud of that book and—oh, wait, I just got an e-mail ... let me check.

Marvel 2-in-1 has been cancelled. I...

(stares out window all day, crying, falling into another rut) -CZ

•

These days mark the one year anniversary since I had sex for the first time. That happening in the age of 35 is certainly not a common occurrence, to say the least. And not due to lack of wanting it to happen earlier or "saving myself" or what not, just being a very shy guy.

Alas, there hasn't been a repeat since, as it didn't work out with the girl in question. At least we're still close friends and, even if very surprised, she didn't freak-out when I informed her about the fact when things seemed to be heading that way during our date.

Having a lot of time to ponder this in the intervening year, I feel like "I've now had sex once" better reflects the situation than the binary on/off "I lost my virginity" way this is commonly framed as, in the narratives both of society and fiction. As there's still a long way to go from that one time.

Konnie R.

P.S. {& no need to print this} I swear I sent you another email (that didn't see print, but hey) back in the days of the comic's early issues, but for the love of me can't find it now...

It was about running into porn in a very early age, like 5-6 or so, & while other boys were grossed out by it, I loudly declared that I would be doing it - little did I know, haha! It even passingly mention still being a virgin in my mid-30s.

Does this ring a bell? Have I hallucinated the whole thing? Did I accidentally not send it?

I wish I had found space and time to tell stories like yours in the flow of things here.

There was a moment early in the SEX CRIMINALS, uh, phenomenon where Chip and I realized we'd be able to tell the story as long as we wanted that I started compiling a list of different "brimpers" we could meet in the span of the story of Suze and Jon, or simply on their own, apart from Badal and the Sex Police and all that. On that list lived the earliest versions of Alix, and Gary, and the dude that came weird Smurfs. There were a couple dozen more that I never found a place for.

Maybe it's a failure of vision on my part, but I never felt comfortable pushing the story too far away from Suze and Jon; I can justify it any number of ways from false modesty (would anyone REALLY want to read it?) to false humility (would ANYONE really want to read it) to false idiomatically-English (¿WOULD anyONE reaLly want TO read it?) but it all resolves in a failure not just of vision but of imagination that I just couldn't conceive that such a thing would ever work. In my defense, weak as it may be, that ANY of SEX CRIMINALS "worked" as a commercial thing remains staggering.

What we SHOULD have done is a 5 or 6-issue Suze/Jon arc -- then 3 or 4 stand-alone issues drawn by someone not Chip, and hell maybe even written by Chip -- then another Suze/Jon arc -- then more stand-alones -- etc. so we'd have less time dark on the stands and have been able to tell more stories. Because if writing this thing taught me anything, it's that people's sexuality is as diverse, broad, and unique as people themselves, and anywhere someone human is feeling things and dealing with things there's a

SEX TIP *Ever tried to think up a fake sex tip on a deadlin*

---

story to be told. Just because I couldn't shoehorn it into a bank robbery story isn't reason for it not to be told.

Worst case, maybe it simply won't be told by ME. For now, anyway.

And -- I don't remember the earlier letter. Issue 5 or 6 feels like seventy years ago and this inbox is a real fucking shitshow, let me tell you, as I have ZERO organizational skills. It's a lower-level miracle we've never published the same letter twice (though I think that's only because Chip caught it when I sent whatever LETTER DADDIES into him for layout). Usually in the early days I published everything we got, or would trim around the parts that were complimentary to the book or were dudes trying to be funny/ier than Chip and me, so maybe you DIDN'T send it becauoh wait wait, you said no need to print this to you Post Script so no need for me to answer it either FUCK YOU.

Imagine trying to be funnier then ME. -CZ

•

I just wanted to thank you for creating one of my favorite comics on the shelf right now. You both managed to create a book that is hilarious, while still being true to life and informative. I also like that you normalize mental health issues and regularly seeing a therapist. This comic has been a source of joy in my life and even something I can share with my girlfriend, who enjoys it as well. And thank you for including information on sexual health in your book (such as going over birth control methods). I work in sexual health and we need more of that, especially with all of the recent funding cuts for sexual health programs that are not abstinence-only.

P.S. I recently cosplayed as Jon (the clothed version) at a convention and commissioned a Taft sketch by Marvel artist Ron Wilson. Enjoy. Jon W.

Okay, first off that Ron Wilson sketch of Huftch is so amazing, I want to see it as an entry in the old *OFFICIAL HANDBOOK OF THE MARVEL UNIVERSE* (Vol 2, 1985 - 1988, and the only one that ever mattered). And second, HOLY SHIT thank you.

Every time I open the Ol' Crimbo Sac-o-Lettz ("Sack of Letters") I am terrified I have 1) done something wrong 2) like really wrong 3) like worse than sending two teenage lesbians a Chili's gift card to commemorate losing their v-cards to one another 4) like I gave bad advice or 5) worse, circulated false information and it 6) super fucked somebody up somehow.

Anyway, this letter was wonderful and generous and kind of you to send, your cosplay is spot-on, and as a way of saying thank you chip and I are proud to present...

HUFTCH

Real Name: Wilbert Howruce Bannafterstein
Occupation: President, Nuclear Monster, Co-EP In Charge of Dramatic Development, CBN Entertainment
Identity: Publicly known
Legal status: Citizen of Canada but also America somehow because we didn't really think it out
Other aliases: The Fat One, the Purple Nuclear Asshole
Martial status: Atomic Kung-Fu (Green Belt)
Known relatives: Alfonso Huftch (father, deceased), Louisa Maria Torrey (mother, deceased), Heletty Rosserron (wife), She-Huftch (cousin)
Group affiliation: Member of the Huftch-busters, former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court (the Canadian one), The Avengers (also the Canadian one)
Base of operations: The Purple House, Washington DC, Vancouver, BC
First appearance: HUFTCH: TURN OFF CANADA!, INCREDIBLE HUFTCH #312
History: Did you know (and you shouldn't there is no reason that you should know this) that the first Broadway-Broadway musical I ever saw -- meaning that, I saw this goddamn thing actually ON Broadway, in Manhattan, not in a touring company show or whatever -- was the very first full-company run-through of Julie Taymor's SPIDER-MAN: TURN OFF THE DARK after that one performer broke his fucking neck. And, reader, I am not exaggerating when I tell you, I was more tense seeing SPIDER-MAN: TURN OFF THE DARK three seats down from Dan Slott, who applauded like he was trying personally and solely to keep Tinkerbell alive, than I was while in the room for the actual births of my actual-ass children. We were in the eighth or ninth row and the tickets were gifts from the producers, who were eager and excited to put ALL of the bad press behind them (and, reader, if you are unfamiliar? There is an ENTIRE FUCKING

SEX TIP *When sharing sexual media with partners, turn your phone sideways, Jesus Christ, when was the last time you saw a tall and skinny movie, Gerry?*

Hey Chip and Matt, It's your faithful reader Kaleb here. I have loved both of your careers since early in my comic obsession, but Sex Criminals is my favorite work of the both of you. It has helped a lot in my own personal life seeing as I have some anxiety and such. The comic has given me both escapism and courage, but perhaps most importantly, it has given me inspiration. I hope to one day write comics as high brow and sophisticated as sex criminals, and my first series is one I am writing right now. It is about a kid who has a lot of mental hangups in life, and uses comics to guide him and to act as a gateway into overcoming the challenges that are provided by mental illness. It is semi-autobigraphical, because I do plan on making this more than just a story about myself. I see this as, at least an attempt, to cover the ways comics help people, with any issue they may. Along with comics helping my anxiety, they also helped me when my cousin passed away, and even carried me through a comedically ridiculous, emotionally manipulative relationship. I first knew I was bisexual when I saw Hulkling and Wiccan kiss in Kieron Gillien's Young Avengers. Every thing from the spandex heroes of the big two, to the smaller, more subtle stories of indie creators is a part of me, and I want to tell a story about how it helped not just me, but people everywhere. So, if I may be so bold to ask not one, but two questions of you. 1.) May I feature Sex Criminals in my book? If not, all is Bueno, but it is very important to me, and fi you'd be so kind, I would love to feature it, and 2.) If you guys and anyone else you know who is willing can give me an example of a time a comic helped you get through something or even just impacted your life, profound or not. Thank you both so much. This is all good to print if you'd like, have a wonderful day.

Sincerely yours,
Kaleb G

P.S. Dicks are funny.

Kaleb! Thanks for the letter, and congrats on finding out and figuring out all of these different things about yourself and having the courage to embrace them. As someone who also lives (and loves, winnnnnnk) with anxiety and depression and all kinds of bullshit wiring in my head, that you've figured this out young I find not just enviable but admirable.

To answer your questions! 1) is it autobiographical, and non-fiction? Sure! Is it a fictional roman á clef? Then No! But not because Chip and I don't want it (Chip was a soft-pass and I myself am mezzo-mezzo), but because as the book enters publication deals in other countries as well as finding its life in other media (we are coming to radio! Watch out, Fibber McGee and Molly! There're some new bad boys of the naughtytown follies in... uh... naughtytown), so too do lawyers and their robotic hunter-seekers that scour the world for IP violations. I would be worried you'd get some nasty Cease & Desist from someone somewhere and cause you or your work grief and harm, and I don't want that. If it's a piece of fiction you're making, include us as something called SEXY CRIMES or WHOOPEE CROOKS or some such bit of nonsense and that way you and your work are safe.

2) LOVE AND ROCKETS is always my answer because it is, was, and always remains truly a comic that impacts my life, every time Gilbert or Jaime publishes something new. Theirs is a towering, astonishing body of work unparalleled by anyone else in comics (aside from Kieron Gillen and Jamie McKelvie, DUH.)

And yes they are! Dicks are HILARIOUS! I mean, just look at it!! HA!!!

My dick is deadly serious, like the Academy-recognized movie JOKER. And much like JOKER, my dick pays homage to the 70s (through unkempt pubic hair). -CZ

•

I wanted to write to thank you dudes for literally everything about this book that I can't believe has been part of my life for as long as it has (5 years!!). I love it so much that I've gifted trades to both my best friend AND my mother so that I had people to talk to it about. I'm going to a book club about Volume 1 this very evening!

I especially appreciate the letters pages, because a) they regularly make me cackle very loudly and laugh so hard I cry, and b) it's really nice to know that other adults are going through some shit related to re-examining their sexuality both past and present.

I recently celebrated my 3 year anniversary of being booze-free, which is awesome, but I still feel like I'm finding out who I am without that large and extremely unhealthy security blanket. My anxiety leads me to spend a lot of time looking back on my sexual history with a new eye and hot damn is it just really nice to know I'm not the only one thinking about stuff like that.

So thanks again for being you and creating this art and this space for all of us.

***SEX TIP** Before the internet, sex was like Dry Land in WATERWORLD—a thing only Kevin Costner knew about, and Dennis Hopper wanted to stop us from finding.*

-Jenni H.

P.S. My partner and I actually brimped in real life and he says it feels really good! I have very long, thick, and silky hair, so... Anyway, I just needed to make sure you knew that this was a thing that happened and was hilarious and surprisingly erotic.

•

Aw come on, Jenni, how are you gonna go from nice, real, to sobriety sharing (keep coming back, you), and THEN end with "oh btw, my partner actually fucked my hair"? I mean what am I supposed to do with that? There are times even I am given whiplash (or dicklash, or something) by the Ol' Crimbo Sac-o-Lettz ("Sack of Letters"). Did he brimp to completion? And did you notice a change in the luster or thickness of your hair?

Is there a way that women may reciprocally brimp? I mean I can speculate but, uh. Y'know. Only so much.

•

another movie for the list. the first time i ever had a sexual experience with a dude, he put on the movie "cellular" at his house. the movie wasn't very good, but it's just as well, because neither was the sex.

oh well!

-bill r.

HEYOOOOOOOOOOOOO

•

This isn't about Sex Crims, we actually have a question about WicDiv. We recently made a wicdiv fanzine, and we were thinking that it would be a real hoot to make the printed version look like a trade of the comic, you know, with quotes on the back and stuff. Anyway, since Chip has contributed about 1% of a volume of wicdiv, we thought it would be funny, (and really annoy Kieron and Jamie) if either of you could provide us with a quote for the back. Obvious we know you're busy and under no obligation to read this, but it'd be really cool if you would.

Thanks!
Drew and Gen

Fuck you! I know this is really Kieron and Jamie, showboating around now that they're all done with WicDiv and have nothing to do with their empty broken lives! No! NO! FUCK YOU FOREVER!!

•

Important updates to Google News & Weather

Google News & Weather is being replaced with the new Google News, available to download on iOS and Android.

Switch to the new app

Here's what to expect

•With the new Google News, you do not need to follow your saved topics and news sources again. You can find them all on the 'Favorites' tab.

•Google News defaults to a personalized feed of stories picked for you, but you can still access top news stories on the 'Headlines' tab.

•The home for Google News on the web is the same: news.google.com

Switch to the new app

Questions?

Visit our Help Center.

Googl E.

Ahh, you almost had us, Googl, but I'm afraid if that if we "switched to the app," we would be guilty of "actually giving a shit," which everybody knows is the very LAST thing the ol' Chipperino and I would do! Sorry, no No-Prize this time.

I keep Bing-ing "Google Help Centre" and nothing comes up, what the fuck, Googl E? -CZ

•

Reading issue #25 and that's gotta be a Housequake reference, right?

Every time I catch something like this in your book I think about all the little things I'm not catching. You two are so good at this.

Also, the miscarriage issue hits home hard and had me and my wife in tears. The only other piece of media that has hit that spot in me is the song "First Sight" by Teenage Fanclub. If it's not meant to be about miscarriage then they really stumbled upon those unique feelings.

Anyway, thanks for the book.

Love,

Stephen J.

Stephen, in so many ways everything I do in life -- either in these pages or elsewhere -- is a thinly-veiled reference to "Housequake." Which I think we can all agree stumbles upon

SEX TIP *The success of the erotically-themed, bondage-flavored FIFTY SHADES OF GREY spawned an explosion of sales in shitty books.*

---

feelings 100% the opposite of the song "The First Sight" by Teenage Fanclub.

•

So I'm like 2 years behind in reading comics. Like I legit have a stack of 540+ comics to read, because I have a problem and can't help myself.

Anyways, I do this thing now where I just grab a stack of one title and read through it, no sense of doing the weekly thing, when I got 100 weeks of shit.

Anyways, I grab Sec Criminals, cause funny dicks are cool, and I read through it, and then it stops. And no more issues. And it's like, sure, no biggie, art takes time to create, but its been like over a year now and nothing. And whats fucked up is that I'm so far behind in reading, I should be insulated from tardiness on your part, but here we are.

You brought me so close to the climax, and then just left me hanging.

Not cool dude.

David S.

Well, two years from now, when you get around to reading this, I hope you know and understand how, deep down, in the bottoms not just of our hearts but of our creators' souls, that it was the hopes and expectations of readers like you, David, that clung to us like fifty-ton albatrosses about our necks, dragging us down, all the way down, below the choppy surface and through the darkness and infinite depths of ceaseless, merciless ocean, into our cavernous and bleak places of paralytic inaction and shame where forever we shall toil so that once again we may feel the radiant sunlight that is your sweet approval on our faces.

I do it for the money. -CZ

•

Ii've been scratching my head for a while trying to figure out how I can best contribute to the Sex Criminals letter col, but you can see my conundrum: I've been married to the girl of my dreams for very nearly 20 years, I met her in high school (and never really dated anyone else), the sex is fun and great (except, y'know, when it's only fun and good), and we're working together, very hard, to raise a son as best we can.

See? Not off to a great start.

But a couple years ago, I had a vasectomy (I know - that old letter column chestnut) and, knowing the procedure was impending, I stockpiled a stack of comics to be my pot 'o honey reward after making it through the surgery.

At the very top of the stack was 'Hawkeye' #3 ("Cherry"), and I'm telling you true, I laughed so hard (at a time when it was arguably - no, undeniably - very important not to) that I ended up tearing my stitches, getting infected "down south", and finding myself in such glorious, wondrous pain, that it introduced the wife and I to a new fetish, and we're now absolute freaks for the hurtin'. (No - that very last bit is a lie to "tart it up" for the other brimpers. I'm rather ashamed now.)

But, see, had 'Sex Criminals' been being published at that time, I would have been reading THAT instead, and could have torn my stitches and gotten infected as a testament to both of your abilities as master storytellers and purveyors of top shelf comics excellence (amirite?).

So I figured I'd take my shot (as it were) here because I can't see Marvel using the above as a marketing tactic to move more units of 'Hawkeye'. Oh, sure - I think we can all visualize the pull quotes; "Hawkeye: Vasectomy Stitch Killa!", etc., but I just wanted to say I love you more and Sex Criminals is a far bigger pain in my balls (or what's left of them).

-jason h

When I had my vasectomy, I kept sending pictures of it to Chip while it was happening.

Yeah. -CZ

NEXT: The Beyonder!

NEXT TIME!

THE COVER ABOVE SHOWS DOC AND ANA YET STRANGELY ENOUGH THEY'RE NOT IN THE ISSUE! HUH! THAT'S PRETTY WILD WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT!

FOR MATURE READERS ONLY

RATED **M** / MATURE

YOU MUST BE AGED LIKE A FINE WINE AND ALSO BE ABLE TO LEGALLY DRINK FINE WINE

ZONE